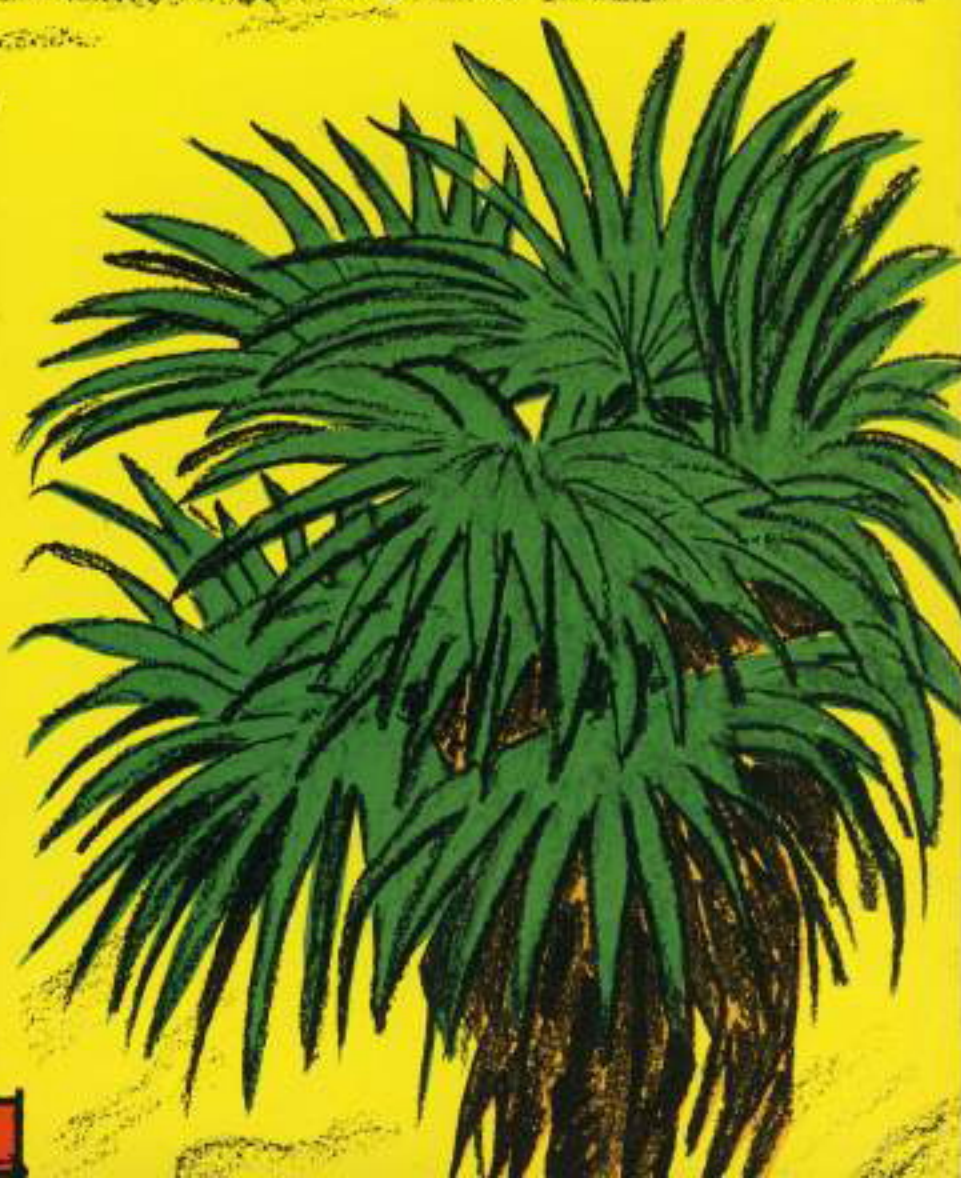


No.1

\$6.

69 SUNSET STRIP

ADULTS ONLY



DUKE & JEAN

INTRODUCTION

The "1920 Gingerbread" style apartment house at 69 Sunset Strip just has to be the swingingest, gayest 10 stories in West Hollywood, or anywhere. It counts among its tenants artists and actors (one retired superstar dating from the silents), insurance executives who spend their evenings in Western or leather togs (one has redecorated his bedroom dungeon style), a model agency, three transvestites and two cock photographers. The parade of handsome males past the rococco lobby's potted palms equals the crowd at West Hollywood's popular Gay bars, just over on Santa Monica Blvd.

Not every tenant is Gay. West Hollywood mixes hips and swingers of all kinds. Apartment 12 produces (for Members) some of L.A.'s wildest het swingers' parties — with AC-DC encouraged, and at least five tenants take in nightly some 30 or more street people, without demanding sex in exchange for the crashing privilege.

An easy camaraderie prevails, and few would be shocked at seeing nudes in the hallway.

— Frank Golovitz











door, wanting to rent an apartment, but Duke couldn't understand much of what the guy said. Their eyes understood one another right quick.

Duke had gotten more sex than he could shake a stick at in the 5 weeks he'd been here — but his stick began shaking fast and furious at the sight of Jean Cardin. The quizzical, hopeful look Jean gave would have melted any resistance Duke might have had — if he'd had any. He quickly hung a sign on the outside of his door notifying one and all that he'd be out until 4 PM, then stuck two fingers inside the fly of Jean's worn jeans and yanked him inside and locked the door.

"I'll show you a nice apartment this afternoon, but I expect to be busy awhile. You ain't in no hurry, are you?"

Jean understood English better than he spoke it. "I'm glad to be busy with you," and their bodies — an excellent match — locked together. There were communication problems: Duke didn't seem to know how to do things without talking about it, but Jean's

MONDAY

Duke Richards, building manager since early last month, is a fast-talking West Virginian from the Appalachian backlands. He'd cut school at 14, looking 18, to peddle his ass in Pittsburgh. Some scrape there later kept him out of the army. He worked the coal mines some, learned a bit of plumbing and wiring, and transacted his ever-ready cock from Zanesville to Detroit.

At 22, he saved enough bread for a beat-up Harley and headed West, stopping a few weeks in Phoenix with a whip & chains shoe clerk who told Duke about the goings-on at 69 Sunset Strip, and said that the fag hag who owned the building liked being screwed by Gay guys.

Miss Plissy spent most evening sipping Manhattans at The End, where Duke easily found her and overawed her his first night in town. He liked the silly biddy, and stuck it in her that night, telling her what sort of guy he wanted and how he'd like her for a mother. She ate it up.

Next day she gave him an apartment next to her own, and three days later she fired Maurice, the flighty old queen who'd managed the building for years, installing Duke in the large manager's rooms downstairs. She had a bad heart, so he only jazzed her about once a week, so long as he dropped in for coffee at least once a day, which he enjoyed, if he wasn't too busy.

Today was one of his busy days. About 6 AM, he had to throw out at least 40 noisy hippies who'd crashed that night in and outside of Apartment 607. Rejecting their offers of wine or of grass, Duke told all but four of them to "git," then took one little long-hair blond beanpole down to his own rooms to bang the strung-out kid's skinny ass. Felt so good afterward he gave the kid a fiver, a real change: him paying

At 9 AM comes a young French Canadian to his



cool directness soon got the emphasis to body language and got them onto the bed, arm in arm, each measuring the other's sizeable cock.

Each reminded the other of a boyhood lover, and this increased the electricity between them, but their approach to one another was more frolicksome than romantic. Cockwise Jean had the distinct edge, but with over eight inches, Duke had never had reason to feel shortchanged. Jean was excited by Duke's hard, tanned muscularity, and Duke was equally turned on by the French kid's pixieish expression and his smooth-skinned softness. But the softness was only in appearance.

Duke liked having the base of his cock squeezed until it felt like the blood vessels were about to bust, then he liked having a guy go down all the way on it, but Jean pretended, playfully, that he didn't want to, and Duke had to shove his head down on it — the slight struggle giving them both an extra charge. Jean liked sucking, and was expert, but in this particular position, he had trouble breathing when he



had it in all the way, and began to gag, which only increased Duke's excitement. Duke came twice in 10 minutes and still wasn't about to give up.

But he was fairminded. So they could both be on the receiving end, he bridged over Jean to 69, going to work expertly on Jean's spectacular tool, while Jean instead licked at Duke's balls and then they both headed for the breach, tongues hard against the hole, Duke's forefinger poking in and jabbing at a sensitive spot.

Then Jean knelt over Duke's chest, cupping Duke's balls with one hand and jerking himself off with the other. Duke's hands cupped the cheeks of Jean's ass, fingers working in, while he tried to stretch his neck so he could get his mouth over the head of Jean's super-stiff cock. He found the effort even more exciting for the fact that he couldn't reach, and when Jean shot an astonishing amount of cream all over Duke's face it was more exciting than any he'd taken before. He licked up what his tongue could reach and Jean massaged the rest into his skin.

Jean had about the most beautiful ass Duke had ever seen. He licked it while Jean stooped over him, then he climbed on horse-fashion to sink his cock into it. Riding Jean was like breaking in a wild pony, something Duke had tried just once. He got flipped off onto the floor once, but when he finished, the Frenchman knew he'd been fucked.

They slept, sprawled all over one another, fitting like hand and glove, until late afternoon, despite the doorbell going all day. Duke figured the tenants would be complaining to old lady Plissy, so maybe he oughta go up and jazz her this evening.

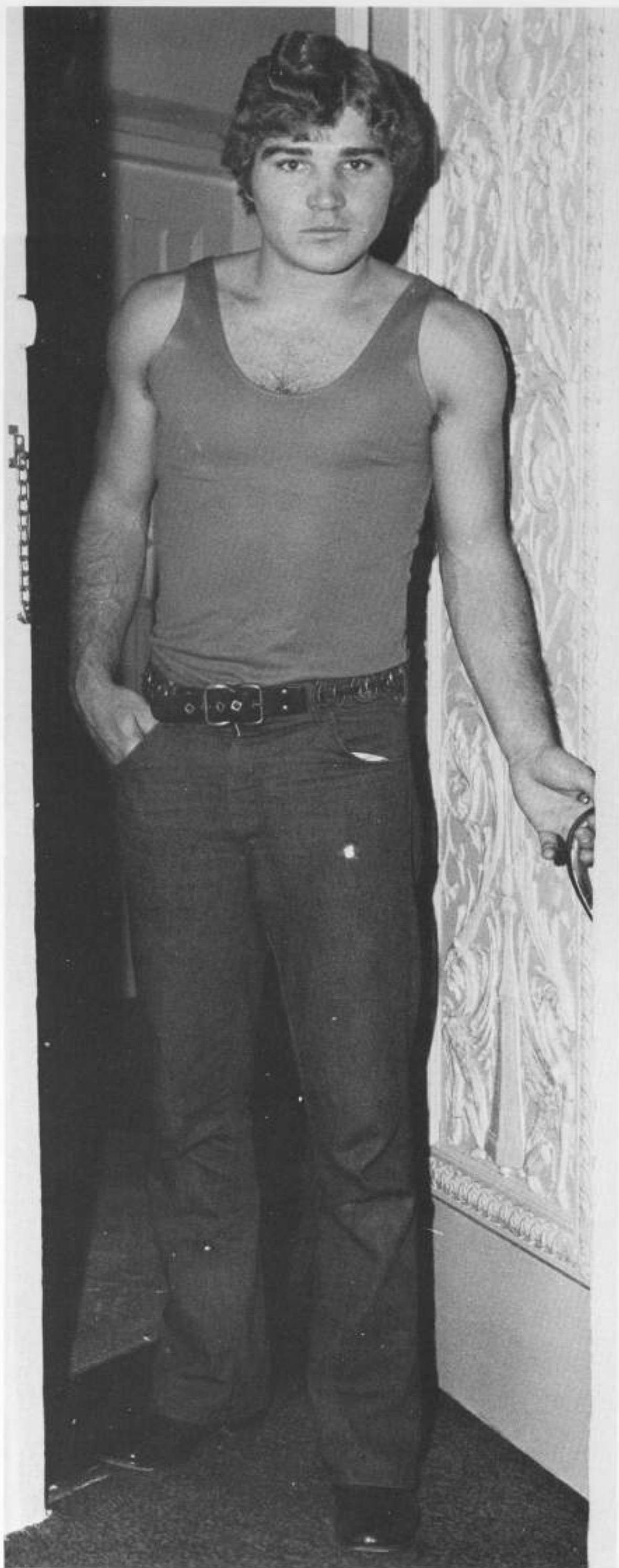
On second thought, he decided to introduce her to Jean and get her blessing. She'd like that even better. He'd already told Jean he could have Apartment 207 at half price if he sort of took the difference out in trade. Imagine! Twice in one day: him on the purchasing end!











JEAN & ANDY

TUESDAY

Andy Markos (his father had trimmed the last name down) was Greek all the way. It never took him long to investigate new tenants.

So Jean Cardin was barely awake — not having thought to lock his door — on the first morning in his own apartment — #207 at 69 Sunset Strip — when curly-haired Andy entered after only the most perfunctory knock. (Andy had learned long ago that the view is likely to be more interesting the less warning you give.)

Jean had come to this building a year ago by accident — speaking no English at all then, being fresh from the farm country of central Quebec — and had been so hospitably received by then-tenant Duane Ferguson that he couldn't wait to get back — to stay.

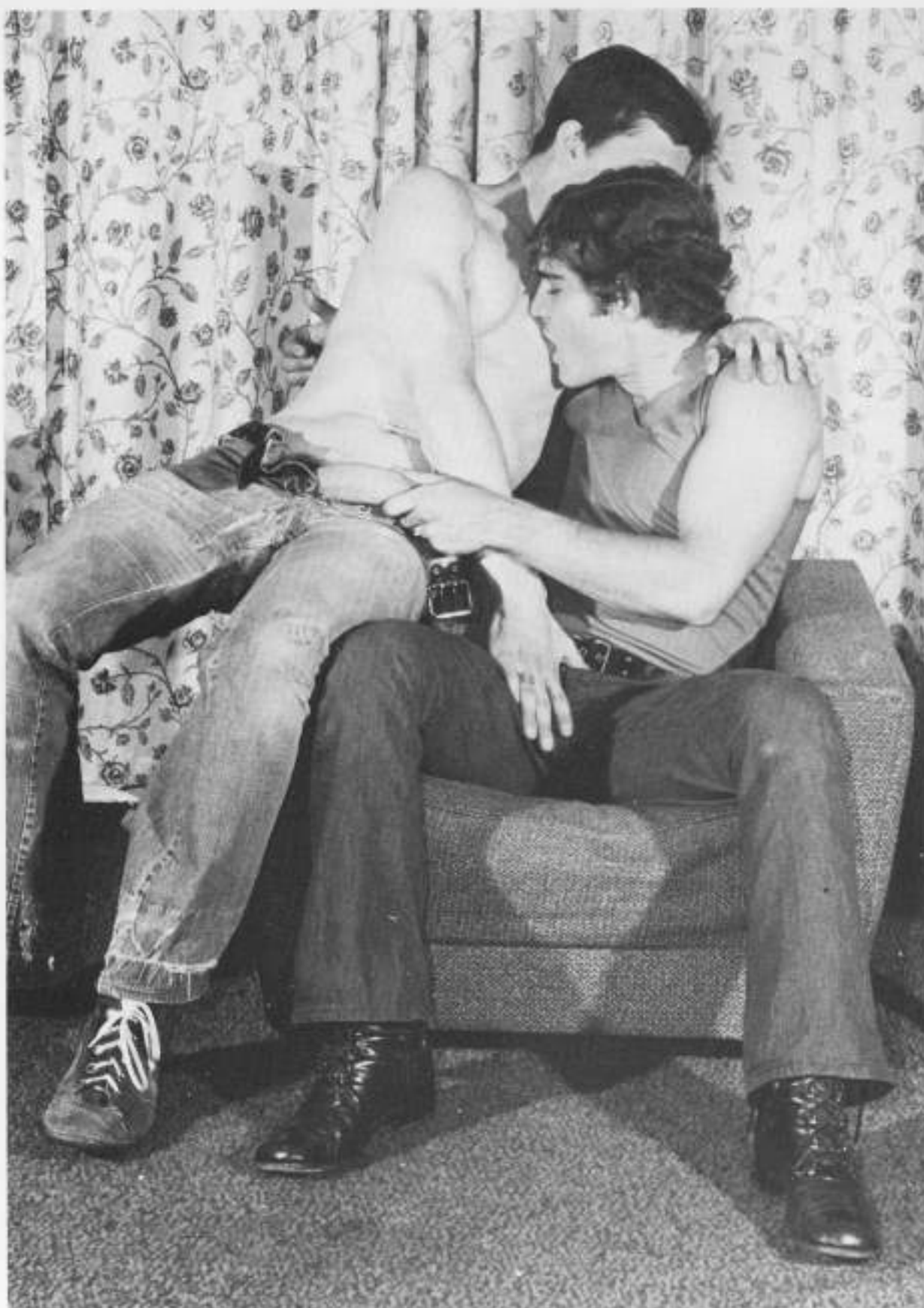
After yesterday's long session with Duke, he'd gone to bed early and slept late, and had just gotten his jeans and shoes on when Andy came in.

Andy mumbled something like, "I thought I'd drop in," and the natural affinity between Greek and Frenchman took care of the rest.

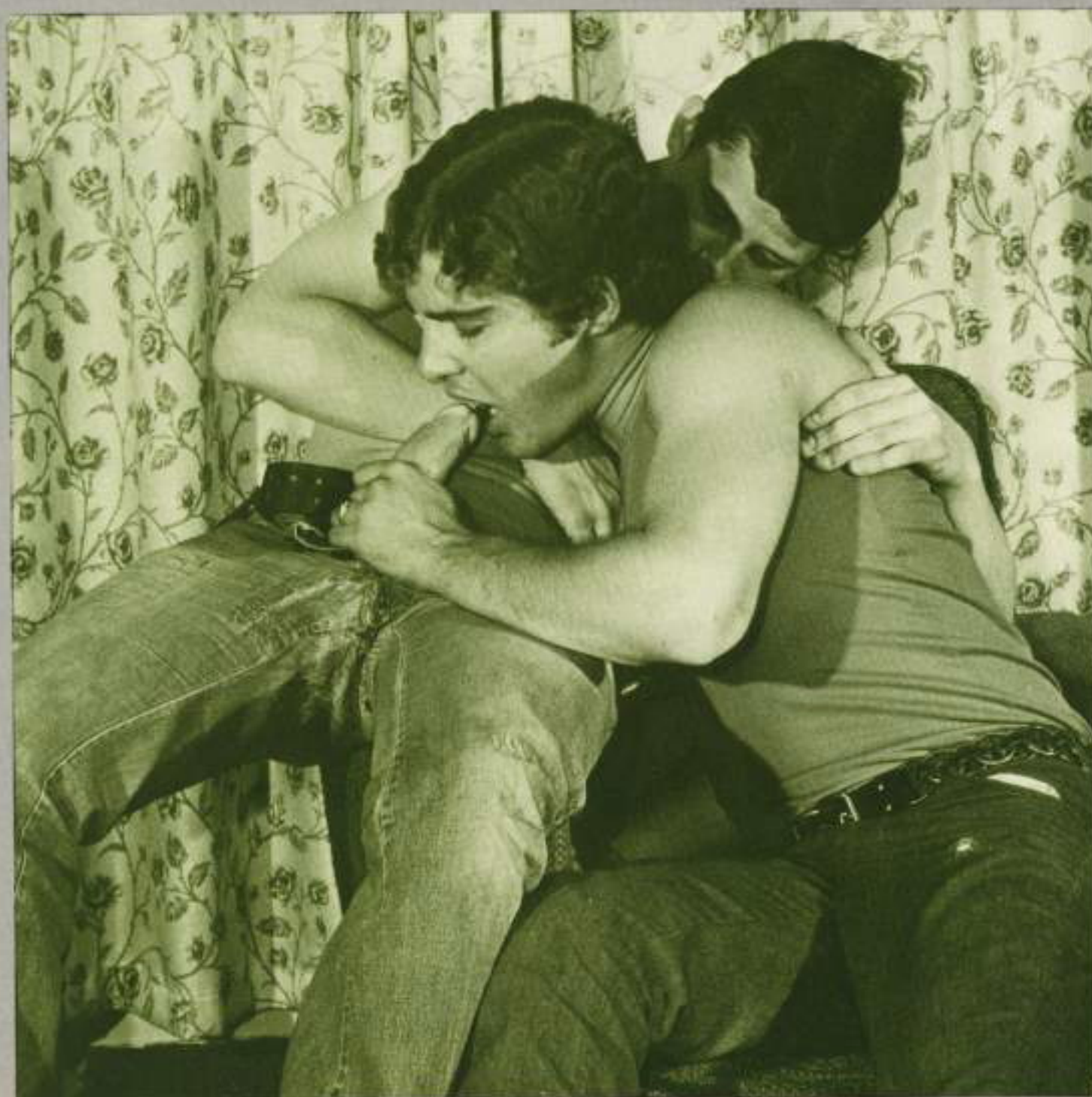
"Je vous aime," Jean said (and Andy knew *that* much French), a twinkle in his eye (he now supposed it to be a rule in this building that you just had sex with everyone you saw, right then and there — that was an exaggeration; you didn't *have* to), "We don't talk, just make love. OK?"

Andy answered in that spirit by wordlessly drop-

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ping into an easy chair and pulling Jean down beside him, his hand landing with unerring skill on the Canadian's crotch.

He *liked* that, and liked the feeling of Jean's hand on his own crotch. They kissed, French style, getting dizzy with passion, and Andy could hardly believe what he found in the other boy's pants! It wasn't even hard yet, but as a fledgling sculptor, Andy knew that if he'd moulded such an object out of clay, it would be declared a masterpiece. He also knew that it would change appearance radically as it went through the various stages of hardness, and would be beautiful at every stage, hard or soft.

His bowels twitched and his sphincter tightened at the sight. He wouldn't mind dropping around at 10 every morning to sit on that awhile.

To Andy, most of the activity of the next hour, fun though it was, and stimulating, was merely preliminary to the time that sweet sausage would enter the waiting cavern of his rectum, giving him that wonderful feeling of being filled, being taken over from inside. Whether he fondled it, tasted it or merely looked at it, he was sizing it up for his bowels, jacking it up so that it would be worthy of the at-





tack on his inner self.

Jean was less single-minded — having learned that sex is more fun altogether if you enjoy each act, each moment, each part of the body, for itself. But on the whole, he found the most exquisite pleasure in the mouth, his own or his partner's, rather than in the derriere. When Andy leaned over and tongued the groove under his cockhead, Jean reached a pinnacle of sensation and his cock expanded instantly from 8 to 9 inches. Preferring sex in the raw, he moved across the room, undressed and returned with a very stiff 10-inch offering for his visitor.

Letting Jean hold it, Andy, ever so gently rotated his head, letting the tip of Jean's cock brush lightly over his lips, his nose, his eyes and his chin, breathing on it, trailing his tongue tip (barely touching) over the head, while his fingers reached inside Jean's tail end and stretched.

If Jean had been on fire the day before, he was like a blast furnace now. If Duke had reminded him of a childhood lover, Andy reminded him of something unattainably beautiful — a Greek god really! He was crazy with an almost religious frenzy of love as he opened the Greek boy's pants and plunged his face in wildly to take a peter he saw as extravagantly beautiful (he regarded his own as somewhat ugly and embarrassingly large) and he became so passionate while sucking on it (Andy kissing his back, fondling his head) that he unexpectedly

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gave Andy a handful of cum.

He sucked Andy in a dozen different positions, and enjoyed the sucking for its own sake, but it remained a dry run, though Andy came close to shooting across the room while standing on the chair with Jean's tongue in his groove.

In a 69 position, Jean was reaming Andy while Andy worked his finger into Jean's hole. Then Andy shot his first load on Jean's chest. There was no worry about it. Jean came four times before he finally put it where Andy wanted it, and he wasn't worried by the fact that Andy hadn't really come yet with any great force. Only a fool plays sex just for the coming. Jean knew what he was building Andy up to.

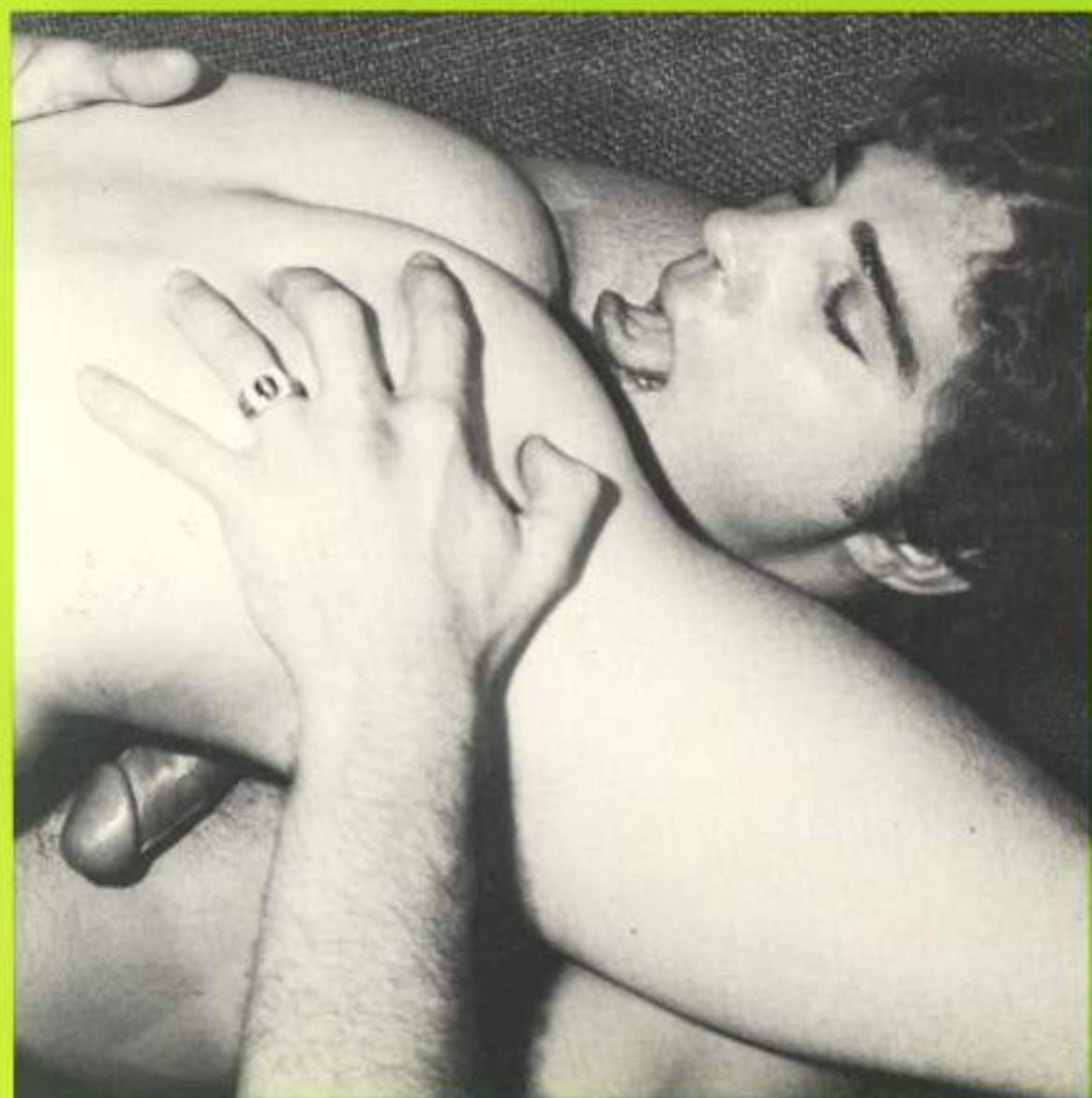
But Jean acted as if he had no intention to get around to humping Andy, or to getting humped, until he was kneeling in front of Andy, sitting on the floor. He knew for sure now what Andy wanted, but asked, innocently, holding his still erect cock against

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Andy's chin, "I . . . I . . . love to insert . . . in your tail . . . but I just moved in this house and I have no — how do you say? — lubricant! But we try anyway? Make it wet with your mouth, please?"

When a guy really likes being fucked, he'll take it with or without lubricant. Even Jean's halting speech made Andy's own cock stand up.

"Do it dry," he said. "I can take it."

"No, no," Jean said. "Make it wet with your mouth."

Andy did, but saliva dries fast, and by the time he'd turned over with his butt in the air, and Jean had poised above him, ready to plunge, his cock was dry and rather sticky. It didn't go in easy, and Andy was hit with chills and fevers as it pressed in. Jean's cockhead was comparatively small, so there wasn't too much problem with stretching at the start, but as the dry, abrasive shaft slid in, the skin of Andy's rectum heated up and became almost unbearably sore. He clenched his fists, held his breath and loved it, even though his tail had never been quite so sore. It took about five minutes before Andy provided his own lubricant and then Jean rode him like an oil-well pump gone crazy. It took Jean over 20 minutes to come, and by that time Andy had added to the puddle between his stomach and the rug four times.

And to Jean's surprise, his meat was still alive after Andy left. Oh well, maybe somebody else would drop in. The door was ajar. . . .









DUKE & BLAKE

WEDNESDAY

One guy at 69 Sunset Strip who interested Duke, Duke hadn't made time with yet — Blake Forrest, a doe-eyed, neat, long hair UCLA student who looked to be Latin or Indian. Duke had tried several times to start conversations, but they always fell flat — like they didn't speak the same language. The guy

seemed friendly, but conversations petered out after no more'n a dozen words, and Blake would take off.

Wednesday was a slow day for Duke. Seemed like the whole apartment house was deserted. He puttered around fixin' Frank Pullen's toilet and straightened a door jamb for Francis Laney, a pimp who was the only tenant in the house that kept shoot-

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ing off his mouth about "all the fuckin' queers." Duke figured sometimes to stick it up the scare-crow's ass, but hell, that wasn't much of a prospect.

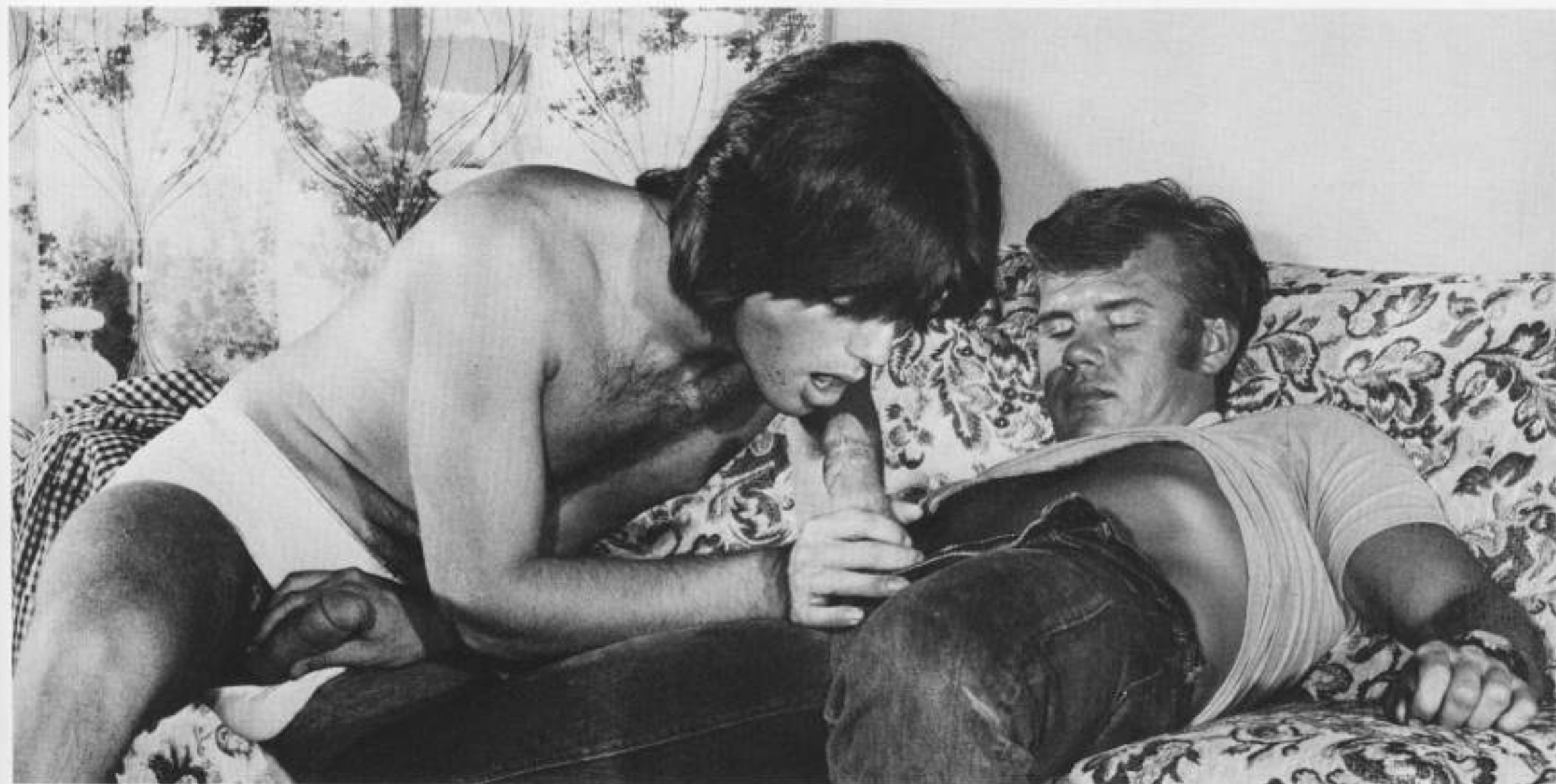
He was just bored, and that was very rare at 69 Sunset Strip.

Then it hit him. He wanted to get acquainted with Blake. Blake was due home in maybe half an hour. Why not just go into his apartment — say to fix the drip in the sink — and be there when the guy got home? Then he'd be sure to manage some

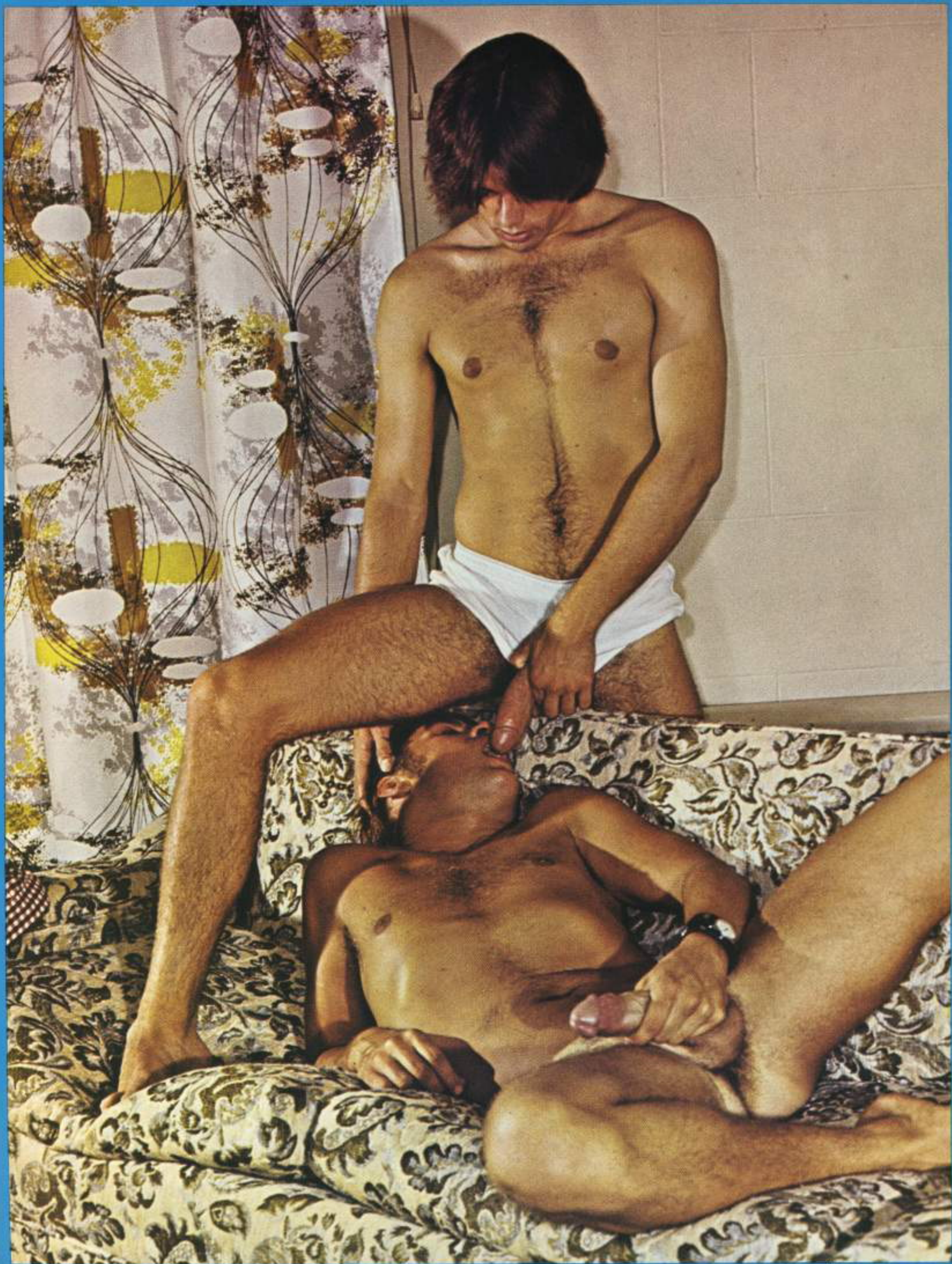
kinda conversation.

Some types of guys, Duke could tell right off whether they was Gay. Blake looked it, but Duke wasn't sure. Once inside the apartment, doubt vanished, cause there on the coffee table was the wildest, fanciest pile of male-fuck magazines he'd seen. Duke didn't bother much with reading materials, but these were something! He looked at the pictures awhile, playing with his peter, then read some of the

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stories and really got hot!

Suddenly he heard a key in the door. He nearly choked trying to get his peter back in his pants. Unnecessarily, he rushed to open the door.

"Hello!" Blake said, startled. "I wasn't expecting company!"

Duke stammered, "Well, I was checkin' that bad faucet in your kitchen, and I was just leavin' and I guess I got hooked on them magazines there."

They both blushed.

"That *"Alone Together"* was *really* something!"

"You get a charge out of that sort of reading?" Blake asked uneasily.

"Well," Duke said, holding his eye, "I don't get no bang at all outa cunt magazines, if that's what you mean. But I usually get my kicks more by doin' than by readin'. How's about you?" He made the question pointed.

Blake fidgeted. "I guess I read a lot. . . ."

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"Well, pal, I'm in the mood for doin'. . . ."

He saw Blake get a hard-on, but Blake looked down and said nothing.

"What's a matter? I'm not your type? Is that it?"

Blake looked at him miserably. "Mister, you're so damn much my type it hurts. But . . . I . . . I just can't do it with a guy who isn't Gay, where it doesn't mean the same thing to him it means to me, I don't want to have someone suck me off or mount me where he thinks he's straight and I'm a damn queer, and then I pay him off. . . ." He was blushing furiously.

And Duke was just about having apoplexy. "SHIT!" he said, then calmed down some. "Ya think that's what I do, that I was offering to have ya do me for trade? Friend, I peddle my cock some, and a lot of johns hafta fool themselves thinking I can only be the 'real man' they want if I ain't Gay. Well I *am* Gay and that don't make me no less a real man, and I didn't come in here to hustle you. I came in cause I had a crush on you ever since I moved into this place. And if you think all I know how to do is to do you for trade, try me."

Blake was shocked for a second, then recovered fast. He wasn't particularly shy. He'd just made some of the mistaken assumptions about hustlers that a lot of Gays make who never go the hustler route. He'd taken it for granted that Duke was het, and no matter how much he was attracted, he couldn't respond sexually with a het.

Once he knew he was mistaken, he pulled Duke down to the couch. "I'm terribly sorry. That was a real shitty thing for me to say, but I thought. . . ."

Their kiss made further conversation unnecessary



for the moment.

Duke took on the aggressive role. Not only was this his idea in the first place, but he had to work overtime to prove that he really was interested in more than just a blow job. Lovingly, he stripped off Blake's clothes, kissing his large, dark, perfect and wildly sensitive nipples, running his tongue down the line of fine dark hair to the beautiful piece of meat he was working slowly with one hand.

Blake started to reciprocate. "Just lay back and enjoy it," Duke said. "I gotta let you know I got some feeling for this sort of thing."

Blake was already clear on that point. No man wasn't Gay could possibly do to another guy what Duke was doing with his tongue.

Duke was working for more than just to prove he was Gay — he knew he'd now won that point. He was trying to bridge another gap — one he didn't even clearly understand. Without getting sentimental about it, he felt like every other Gay was his brother, but a lot of them, Gays with education, style,



crazy way, it worked. What he did to Blake's cock was wild and beautiful, a blow-job that got somehow down into the marrow of both of them. Blake, not even knowing what had hit him, returned the compliment, sucking off Duke, sending him off like a skyrocket, while doing it almost like a sacrament.

Neither had quite expected the love match. Though each remained culturally where he had been before, the great gap between them simply vanished, and did not return. It shook Duke. The affair with Jean the other day had been a lot livelier, a lot of real good fun, and a real sweet thing too, but this was something else. It was like they were on the tail end of a string of Chinese firecrackers, flying through the air and popping to beat hell. They'd come in one another's mouths, come in one another's hands, come at just the slightest touch. Neither had dreamed it was possible to come so often in one day — and every time right together!

When Duke jabbed his finger into Blake's ass, Blake howled, "I don't do that," but the wiggling of his tail quickly expressed a different view. Blake got some Crisco, lay back down on some pillows and lifted his legs, waiting happily for what (every previous time) had hurt like hell.

Duke had some skill, and with a little massaging and such, loosened Blake up so when his cockhead slid in, Blake didn't for a moment know he'd been pierced. Then there was an instant of sharp pain, followed by soft pleasure, and a rapid escalation of wildly enjoyable sensations of which Blake had never dreamed.

And Duke was thinking, "Jeez! This could turn out to be *the* one!"

cultural interests and all, he just couldn't get across to. In the sack maybe they were all right, but after that, if they even got that far, there was some kinda chasm between them like they weren't even in the same world he was in. He knew that a lot of it was education, and most of the time he had a thick skin and didn't let it bother him. Then he'd get a damn crush on someone like Blake, who was going to the University, and everything the one was interested in, the other didn't give a damn about.

He knew without asking: Blake wouldn't know a Harley from a Yamaha; didn't give a damn about baseball; and probably thought coal grew on trees — and Blake, he would be interested in such fancy ideas that Duke wouldn't even be able to pronounce the names of them. And it wasn't that he felt sorry for himself. He didn't care about the talk even, just so he could reach across the barrier and feel the other person. . . .

And that was what he was attempting as he sucked hell out of Blake's cock, and somehow, some







NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

